

# CANTON MAIL.

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## REGRET.

If I had known, O loyal heart,  
When, hand to hand, we said farewell,  
How for all time our paths would part,  
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,  
I should have clasped your hand so close  
In the warm pressure of my own,  
That memory still would keep its grasp  
If I had known.

If I had known, when, far and wide,  
We parted through the summer land,  
What pressure would your arms be,  
And how you would bid me to be true,  
I should have held you in my arms so close,  
To listen, dear, to every tone,  
That from your lips fell low and sweet,  
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes  
Met mine in distant, silent shore,  
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,  
And earnest, rather, more than glad—  
How soon the lids would close above,  
As cold and white as sculptured stone  
I should have treasured every glance,  
If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife  
Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,  
Unto a purer, higher life,  
That you were called, O friend, to go,  
I should have stayed my foolish tears,  
And brushed each idle sigh and moan,  
To bid you a last, long God-speed,  
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,  
What mystic, distant, silent shore,  
You calmly turned your steadfast face  
What time your footsteps left my door  
I should have forged a golden link  
To bind the heart so constant grown,  
And kept it constant ever there,  
If I had known.

If I had known that, until Death  
Should with his finger touch my brow,  
And still the quietude of the breath  
That stole with life's full meaning now,  
So long my feet must tread the way  
Of our accustomed paths alone,  
I should have held you in my arms more,  
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you  
Drew near the ending of the light,  
And on your vision fair and new,  
Eternal peace dawned into sight,  
I should have begged, as love's last gift,  
That you, before God's great white throne  
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,  
If I had known.

—Christian Reid.

## THE HEIRESS' LOVER.

"We're going to take some city boarders," said Farmer Parsons, as he put his packages of sugar and tea into the big basket he had brought to "the store" in his wagon. "Wife and I will be down to fetch 'em to-morrow. There's a lady and some children, and a young lady, a great heiress. She's in mourning for her uncle that left the property; so she can't go to a lively place. Quite a young gal and very pretty. Two pounds of raisins, Mr. Jones, and some of them currants; reckon a pound 'll do."

News is news in the country. The farmer's audience listened intently. The doctor—young Doctor Purl—who had stopped in for letters—the store was also the postoffice—took note of every word, and Marcus Moreland, who had come to post a letter also, remembered what the old man had said. As he walked away, "Pretty young girl," he said to himself. "An heiress gets the reputation of being pretty; probably she is not half as nice looking as Farmer Parsons' own daughters, and heiresses are apt to think too much of themselves."

"An heiress," said the doctor, as he jumped into his gig. "Well, I shall go over to see Parsons pretty soon. No place like the country for a courtship, and a fellow who marries an heiress need not wait year in and year out to build up his practice. I wonder how much she is really worth? A great heiress. That oughtn't to mean less than a hundred thousand dollars. I should like a wife with a nice little bank account of that size. Young and pretty, too; it's a rare chance."

The city boarders came next day. The loungers at the store saw them get into a wagon—a fat young matron and three little girls, a nurse, a baby, and a young lady dressed in mourning. The storekeeper's wife noticed the elegant cut of the overskirt which the latter wore, and more than one saw the diamond ring flash on her finger; but it was just dark, and the beauty was not a settled point, for no one could see her face.

Marcus Moreland, who was the poor clergyman's son, and had just fought his way through college with a prospect of teaching the male department of the district school that winter as his best one, while working in his father's garden the next morning, was placed in a position to judge on this matter.

He heard a little scream, and looking up saw a very pretty young lady, and a very pretty little boy, flying in terror from a perfectly harmless, broad faced, white milch cow, who, in the excess of her content, as she stood knee-deep in the water of a pond chewing the cud had elevated her nostrils, and turning, her slow, brown eyes in the direction of the pedestrians, uttered a long, low moo-o-o.

"Oh!" screamed the young lady, faintly. "Can't you run faster, Tom? I think she's coming after us." "I beg your pardon, ma'am," cried Marcus, jumping the paling fence—"but Mooly won't touch you. She wouldn't hurt any one. She's perfectly harmless. See!" and he approached the pond's side and patted the white head. "See—we've had her ten years, and she's the gentlest creature."

"I'm quite ashamed of myself, bug I'm not used to cows," said the young lady. "I thought I'd made her angry and when you have other people's children with you it's such a responsibility. Tom, don't touch the gentleman's flowers. I'm ashamed of you."

For city Tom, with a general idea that "the country" belonged to everybody was helping himself to roses.

Of course after that Marcus plucked flowers for Tom, and a bouquet for the young lady; and as she walked bewitchingly up the road, with the flowers against her pretty chin, decided that this heiress certainly was the loveliest thing that his eyes had ever rested upon.

That afternoon doctor Purl rode over to Mrs. Parsons'; made a call; was introduced; decided that the heiress was a beauty; conversed with her in a manner calculated to prove that he at least was no country bumpkin; made a point of looking at his elegant watch before he left; and had the satisfaction of feeling that he had made an impression.

May Dimple was very young, very inexperienced, and very willing to think the best of everybody. At eighteen she was mistress of a fine fortune, and being an orphan, her own mistress altogether. Her heart was yet a white, unwritten sheet, and the first that made love to her was likely to win it. Vague longings for that peculiar tenderness which only a lover can offer already possessed her soul, and she was just the sort of little woman to forget her own advantages, and feel very grateful for love and admiration. The doctor was tall and fine-looking, and she caught herself blushing as she looked into the glass after his departure, and thought what a soft look had come into his eyes as he "Hoped they should meet again."

Meanwhile Marcus Moreland had been thinking about her more than she guessed, and that evening there was another introduction.

Marcus did not make big eyes at her, nor try to show his superiority to his neighbors, neither had he any gold watch to consult. He was younger than the doctor by ten years, and very much of a boy still, and the rising moon found May, her little cousin Tom and Marcus all sitting together on the lower step of the porch, talking of blackberrying, as those children might.

The heiress wore a linen dress and a knot of blue ribbon in her hair. Marcus forgot she was an heiress. It was only a dear little girl, just the nicest creature he ever met, who looked at him rankly with her blue eyes—real blue

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## VOLUME X.

eyes, not blue gray. He went home in the first stages of love, and sat at the window looking at the moon, and thinking of her nearly all night.

May had never had anything like a beau in her life. Shut up with an invalid uncle in a great city home that was like a prison—seeing no one but the doctor and nurse, and now and then some old gentlemen, whom her uncle was persuaded to admit on the score of old friendship—she had no idea that she might be a belle.

Life was all new to her. Even her cousin was a new-found relative who had "taken a notion to her," when the friends gathered at the old man's funeral.

People who had never remembered little May until the news of her heiressship brought her to their notice, had been so very kind since. The liberty she enjoyed made the quiet country-house a very happy place; and now two admirers dined upon her horizon at once, and made life "perfectly splendid" to May, much as the situation would have bored many an experienced belle.

Matters naturally assumed this form as the time passed on. May had two lovers, and hardly knew which she liked best.

Marcus did not make love—he did not dare—but he looked it. The doctor made love scientifically; he had pumped the farmer, who believed that the young lady's fortune was "something more than common." He had even extracted from the married cousin a statement that "Uncle left everything to May."

He had three months to work in before the heiress knew her own powers, and had learnt from one gray winter that lovers follow money thick and fast, and he was a determined sort of fellow where there was anything to gain.

Marcus had no plans. His boy's heart ran away with him—that was all. He could not keep away from May's side, nor forget her when they were apart; and so summer passed and autumn approached, and the city folks were going home, and the district school was to be opened, and Cousin Helen's husband, a hard-driven Wall-street man, came down to spend a week before he took his family home; and all this delightful time was nearly at an end.

Marcus was to be examined for his position as teacher of the school—a mere form with his fine education.

The doctor, as a learned gentleman, was one of the committee to examine the coming schoolmaster for the girl's department.

"A pleasant task," as he said, jestingly, "if he expected to see anybody there but old Miss Cynthia Alderny and older Miss Baker."

May heard a good deal of the school, especially as Farmer Parsons was another of the committee, and she felt an interest in it, too; as Marcus was to teach. It seemed so odd to think of.

Cousin Helen's husband went about as men always do, and heard more in a day than the ladies could in a year. He returned one evening with a solemn face, and informed his wife, in confidence that the talk of the whole place was May's fortune, and that the doctor, who had done nothing but run after rich women since he came to the place, was said to be "after it."

"A regular fortune-hunter, my dear," said the husband. "You must use your influence with poor little May."

May meanwhile had been in her favorite grove, and there had Marcus Moreland betaken himself to say good-bye. Poor boy, he had had some bitter hours of late. The truth that May's love was the one thing worth having upon earth had dawned upon him, and with it the knowledge that he had no right to offer himself to an heiress. How he hated her money. It stood between them like some awful spell. If she had been the poorest girl living, he could have said all that was in his heart to her—not now.

So the poor boy uttered a few faltering words and went his way.

"It was folly for me to think he liked me," said May, as he left her. "How formal and cold he is after all our sociability," and a little pang nipped her heart, and she smiled more brightly on the doctor when he also entered the grove than she had ever smiled before.

He made love to her that afternoon after true story-book fashion. On the stage at—she would have caused tender-hearted ladies to say "how sweet." It was a pretty little scene, rehearsed in private. Had May but known it the night before; and no girl could have failed to understand his parting words.

"To-morrow, before you leave, I must see you. You will grant me a private interview, will you not? I have something of intense importance to myself, at least, to say to you. You will let me see you in the garden? I—I—falter, a look, a snatch at her hand, the touch of his lips upon it.

Then the curtain should have dropped, as he rode a way in his gig and said to himself:

"I always was a lucky fellow—to think that Providence should have sent an heiress to such a place as this, a pretty one, too!"

When May entered the house, a surprise awaited her. Cousin Helen took her at once to her bedroom, and there, behind closed doors, repeated her husband's information.

"You know you are so young and inexperienced," said she, "and a fortune-hunter is such a dreadful creature."

May's face flushed crimson.

"Do you really think nobody could love me for myself?" she asked, in a sudden fit of indignation.

Then common-sense came to her aid. She sat quiet for a while, and then drew near her cousin and whispered something in her ear. It was a long whisper.

"It will prove him," she said aloud; "and you will help me?"

Cousin Helen promised, and May retired to her own room, there to shed a few not unnatural tears.

Night passed; the morning came. The school-house doors were set open for the first time for months. The committee was to meet at eleven, to examine the candidates for the teachers' positions.

Old Farmer Parsons walked over, also Farmer Brown. The doctor was there, and the lawyer, Mr. Triphammer. Miss Cynthia Alderny was seen walking toward the door with a defiant face. Miss Baker followed with a scared one. Marcus Moreland took his way in, and just as all were settling into their seats a little figure in buff linen, with a blue ribboned hat on its head, slipped into one of the doors and stood among them.

Everybody looked up.

"Miss Dimple!" said the farmer. "Why, I declare?"

"Miss Dimple?" said the doctor, advancing with a gallant air.

"Yes, sir," said May, quietly. "I understand that you examine candidates to-day. I am fond of teaching, and when one must do something, one seizes every chance, you know. May I be examined?"

"I suppose you are jesting, Miss Dimple," said the doctor.

"Not I," said May. "I suppose you have heard that foolish story about me. Two or three hundred dollars may be a very pleasant little sum to spend on a summer vacation, but it doesn't make one a great heiress."

"Folks will talk, you know," said farmer Parsons, with a twinkle in his

eye. "A poor gal is as respectable as a rich one, long as she conducts proper. Set down, Miss Dimple."

The doctor retired to his seat, his face very pale and rigid. Marcus Moreland, on the contrary, had flushed scarlet.

May's two lovers were a strange contrast at that moment. For her own part, she was quieter and sadder and more womanly than usual. She went through the examination bravely, under the fire of Miss Cynthia's indignant eyes, and amidst Miss Baker's despondent sighs. Then she walked home and waited, as she had promised, in the garden. Would the doctor keep his engagement? He did.

"My dear, Miss Dimple," he said, as he advanced gayly, but not quite naturally. "I feared I should scarcely get here in time to bid you good-by. I'm sorry the committee think you too young for the place. They've given it to Miss Cynthia. Really, it would be very dull for you, very. I told you I had something very particular to say to you—didn't I? You remember, I see. I didn't think you would. I wanted to say that I've really enjoyed your little visit to this place so much. Ladies' society is a treat to a poor old bachelor doctor, who expects to be a bachelor all his life, by the way. You know what the society here is, Miss Dimple, and you've quiet brightened the summer for me. I've had a treat. So that's what I wanted to tell you, and to bid you a last good-by."

"Good-by, Dr. Purl," said May, with a smile.

The man who had made such desperate love to her the other day, who had defined his intentions toward her in a manner no girl could misunderstand, had slipped calmly and smoothly out of the affair, and she could match him in coolness, girl as she was.

They shook hands.

"Adieu," said the doctor, with the true Parisian accent, and jumped into his gig, thanking heaven that he had escaped making an offer to a poor girl.

The heiress stood by the gate where he had left her, thanking heaven much more devoutly for her escape. Yet I shall not say she was happy. It was not in nature; for she had believed this man her true and earnest lover. The first bitter thoughts that had ever troubled her young heart filled it now; her first glimpse of real life was taken. As she stood there she began to doubt that there was such a thing as true love.

A tear or two fell; she wiped them away; and through the mist that veiled her eyes, she saw a bright, ardent young face, strangely in contrast with the cool, formal, unmoved countenance, with its handsome features and practiced smile, that had just passed from before her vision. It was the face of Marcus Moreland; and before she was aware of his intention he had passed his arm about her waist and kissed her.

"If I never may again, I must now," he said. "I have never dared to tell you while I thought you so rich, but I've loved you since the first day we met. We are both poor; let me fight the battle of life for you. I can do it—I will do it. God always prospers love like mine."

The twilight shadows were creeping over the scene. The distant mountains were losing the faint rose-tips that they had worn. All was still save for the distant tinkle of a cow-bell. A soft, sweet breeze swept up from the meadow, full of fragrance of grass and clover. Did these things bring the sudden calm and sweetness to May's wounded heart?

She stood still making Marcus no answer, but she did not repulse him.

"Tell me that you like me a little," pleaded the boy.

"I do like you, Marcus," said May; "but don't ask me any more just now. I can't tell you why, but this is not the time. I—I—just say good-by now, Marcus. I must go away to-morrow, but I will write to you."

"Remember, my love is life or death to me," said Marcus, and so they parted.

One day when May felt that she had no longer anything but scorn for her fortune-hunting doctor, she did write to Marcus Moreland, and what she said may be inferred from the fact that they are to be married when the next spring comes; and that the people at the store, and doubtless the doctor also, already know that Farmer Parsons' pretty young boarder was really and actually an heiress, and that Farmer Parsons, a shrewd old man with plenty of good sense, knew and approved of the ruse that tested the heiress's lovers all along.

## The Wife of Byron's Grandson

Many times may be seen at Brighton a fair woman, upon whose head falls the sunshine yet from the eastern horizon of life; whose contours have a girlish roundness, but whose features begin to show the harsh touch of the chisel of care. Looking upon her, one would believe her to be a girl yet, for her years cannot be more than twenty-three—one who has been a very Payco of girls, and who is not yet far separated from a radiant, buoyant youth.

And yet this fair woman is one whose name has been scathed by one of the most monstrous scandals of fashionable English society. She is the wife of a member of the proudest aristocracy in the world, who is heir to two earldoms, and whose wealth is so great that he himself hardly knows its extent. This is Lord Wentworth, son of Lady Lovelace, who was "Ada, sole daughter of the hearth and home" of the poet, Lord Byron. By the paternal line, he will inherit the title and honors of Lord Lovelace; by the maternal, he came in possession of his present one. Ada Byron, the first Lady Lovelace, was of a very peculiar temperament, inheriting from her father the morbid conditions which in his case were a reactionary effect of emotional dissipation, but in hers a constitutional depression.

Hers was not a happy married life, although one free from scandal, and Lord Lovelace, when he was mistaken for a servant by the pretty widow who was afterwards his wife, upon the hotel steps at Madrid, perhaps felt the first warmth of the revived emotion which Lord Byron's puerile daughter had chilled to almost death. She transmitted a peculiar mental constitution to her sons. The elder, Lord Cockburn, who would have before the title descended from the elder branch, in his early youth abandoned his home, his luxurious habits, and all the refined associations of his rank, and worked for months in a blacksmith shop. Later, he married a publican's daughter and died soon after his marriage. Dying childless, the title of Lord Wentworth passed over him to Lady Lovelace's second son, who now bears it. It is told of this nobleman that, one evening, going into the theatre, he made a bet with one of his companions that he would marry the most beautiful woman at the play that night. It chanced that the lovely daughter of a Newcastle clergyman occupied a stall near the young man, and before the curtain had fallen upon the drama of that night the tragedy of their lives had begun, for Lord Wentworth determined on the spot to make the fair girl his wife. Of the subsequent appearance of the couple in the divorce courts, of the shameful charges brought against the wife, who seemed to have a lover for every change of the weather, of the dreadful counter charges brought against her husband, who seemed to have in him the morbid taint of his ancestry, all England knows full well.

## THE WHITE LILY.

The rose is the queen of the garden and grove,  
And dearly its beauty and sweetness I love;  
But what can for once with the lily compare—  
The graceful-form'd lily, so modest and fair?

Sweet emblem of purity, spotless white,  
With shyly-bent head on the stem hanging light,  
How lovely art thou among the violets blue,  
Thy gentle eyes bathed in the clear morning dew.

Oh! spread thy soft leaves to the summer sun's ray;  
Fair flower, can such beauty as thine e'er decay?  
Thy white and green glory doth ever forth shine  
To the praise of thy bountiful Maker divine.

Oh, bloom, lily fair, in noon's radiant light,  
Then fold thy pale leaves when the sun sinks  
At night,  
And dew-drops are falling and sparkling on thee.  
When the moon spreads her silver wings o'er the sea!

When I'm laid in the dust, though never a star  
Mark the spot where I slumber, unwept and  
Unknown,  
Among the long grass that above me shall wave  
May a pure, modest lily bend o'er my grave.

Oh! fairer than lilies pure let me be dressed,  
That my spirit may walk in the groves of the blest  
In the garden above all beautiful and fair,  
For the Lily Divine of the Valley blooms there.

## JOSIE'S WEDDING GIFT.

### CHAPTER I.

"And so I am to understand that you positively refuse to give up that young fortune-hunter, Mar nadsuke Marly?"

"I do positively refuse."

"Even after the bankruptcy which has reduced him to beggary, you still wish to fulfill your engagement?"

"Most certainly."

"Then hear me"—and Captain Wycherly—a retired naval officer in the United States service—dashed his stout cane upon the floor with an emphasis that made the glasses and decanters jingle—"and mark what I say! If you persist in such obstinate disobedience to my wishes, by Jove I'll disinheritor you. The day that you become his wife will find you homeless and penniless. And you may both sweep the crossings for a living, for all I care, for I'll never help you to a penny."

Josie's cheeks burned scarlet.

"And I say," she retorted, her blue eyes all aflame with honest indignation, "that no consideration of broad acres or bank-stock, or even the commands of a father"—here she choked down a rising sob—"can tempt Josie Wycherly to break her word."

"Think," said her father, "of the homes where grim wraith sits day after day beside the hearth-stone, where children with pinched features and hollow eyes beg vainly for the food which is denied them; and yet you deliberately choose such a fate as this!"

Josie's heart quailed a little, for, like all refined women, she loved the ease and luxury which wealth could purchase, and which she all her life had enjoyed. But she loved Marmaduke and her own honor more.

"We plighted our troth with youthful consent and approval," she argued. "If he has been unfortunate, it is plainly my duty to cling to and comfort him. I have given my sacred promise, and shall keep it."

And her father, recognizing the Wycherly obstinacy knew that further remonstrance was useless. But being by nature despotic, and expecting to receive at home the same implicit obedience he had exacted on board a man-of-war, he raved and swore and scolded so continually at being balked in his plans, that poor Josie was glad to yield to her lover's entreaties, and become his wife, to escape persecution at home.

So one morning they quietly walked to the nearest church, and in the presence of a few friends, to whom they had confided the circumstance, Josie Wycherly was, by a few brief sentences, transformed into Mrs. Marly. Scarcely had the bridal party left the church when they were confronted by Captain Wycherly, his stout cane coming down emphatically at every step, his eyes blazing with wrath.

"So you have been hatching your mutiny under my very roof, and have outwitted the old man at last!" he exclaimed, glaring on the trembling bride, who stood surrounded by her fear-stricken friends. "Hope you'll find smooth sailing with your pretty craft, young man; for by the heathen gods, you'll never see the color of old Mark Wycherly's money. I'll disinherit the ungrateful girl this very day!"

And he meant to be as good as his word; for he walked straight from the church to the law office of Hunt & Ketchum, and astonished the senior of that firm by requesting them to draw up a new will, leaving all his effects, real and personal, to the Seamen's Charitable Fund, and striking out the name of his daughter Josephine from that important document altogether.

"But, my dear sir, it is impossible to execute the provisions of such a document," replied the bland and smiling Mr. Hunt. "Such a will would be illegal, and consequently worthless."

"Confound it!" said the irate old sea-dog; "do you mean to tell me that a man can not sail his own craft in any waters he chooses?"

And after several stormy interruptions, the lawyer at last made it clear to his wrathful client that, in order to be legal, the will must contain the name of Miss Josephine as legatee, be the sum ever so small.

"Very well, since it must be so," replied Captain Wycherly; and he bent his shaggy head to the reading of the document that conveyed railroad shares, bank stock, and far-ranging lands, amounting in all to half a million of dollars, to the aforesaid charitable fund, and left to his daughter, "Mrs. Josephine Marly, the sum of two dollars, to buy a stool of repentance, whereon she could sit and reflect upon the ingratitude of her conduct to an indulgent father."

"And you may add," said the old man, with a grim smile, "the Wycherly homestead for her portion also."

"The Wycherly homestead?" repeated Mr. Hunt. "I can not say that I ever heard of it before."

"Ha! ha!" roared Captain Wycherly, who relished a joke now and then, "I dare say you never did—ha, ha! Ten acres in all, and the most barren, unproductive soil conceivable—covered with rocks and stones, and watered by the blackest, dirtiest stream that ever ran, with a few gnarled and moss-grown apple trees, shading a log hut in their midst—such is the birthplace of all the dead and gone Wycherlys for generations past—a magnificent place—ha, ha! Or, stay; instead of putting it in the will, suppose you make out a deed of the place, and present it to Mrs. Josephine Marly, as a wedding gift from her affectionate father, on condition that she and her husband spend the honeymoon there. I've heard that my gentleman was something of an amateur artist, and he cannot fail to admire the scenery."

And with this parting joke the Captain went his way.

So that evening Mrs. Josie Marly, sitting by her husband's side, in their lodgings, was surprised with a package of paper from the office of Hunt & Ketchum, setting forth the above conditions, and indorsing the deed to the Wycherly homestead.

"We will go, won't we, dear 'Duke!'" whispered Josie, her red lips quivering, and a tear or two glittering on the silken brow lashes that shaded her sweet blue eyes. "I think we'd better go, dear; not for the land, which it appears is worthless enough; but it is papa's request, and, perhaps—it's the last that he ever will make!" and here she broke down in a tempest of sobs and tears.

For though she had willfully disobeyed him, yet, next to her husband, Josie loved the stern, tyrannical old man whom she called father.

### CHAPTER II.

Captain Wycherly was ill. Servants went to and fro through the elegant

"For What

## CANTON,

rooms, capricious man, was over the pre-

Josie, yet had weary of tiding-

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